

CHALLENGED POET

He read my new poem and sighed.
"You never write about anything
but the sea or ships," he said.
"Don't mountains turn you on?
Don't I? And what about love?"

I've been remiss, I know.
I saw a mountain once--
rising from the rippling green
wet-clinging, immersing its keel.
I saw its white-capped crest,
a mighty wave of geologic time.

I saw this same man once and still--
tall and sure as a clipper's mast,
eyes blue-deep as summer undertow,
caresses soft as neap tide surf.
I was swamped like a skiff
and rocked in his wake.

His kiss is a salt-sweet promise
of trade winds speeding us home.
And his love is all the anchorage
this dreamer needs of port.

I will write him a proper lighthouse
to shine through his coastal squalls.

perfectly worthless
Nothing better to do
than write this
looming duinef--
Shove on you -
Shove on me -
I need water
line